109.

The Voice of Nature

A Service For Children's Day

BY VARIOUS COMPOSERS

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BY MAIL

$4.00 THE HUNDRED
NOT PREPAID
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Publishers
1024 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

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THE VOICE OF NATURE.

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No. 1. "Welcome!" Merry Voices Sing.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Trill-ing with gladness the notes that a-rise on the wings of ear-ly morn;
2. 'Neath stately arches of green o-ver hanging the brooklet flows a-long,
3. Ros-es resplendent with pet-als of car-mine and hearts of pur-est gold

Dew-drops like gems in the blos-soms are shin-ing, their cask-ets fair a
Flecked with the sunbeams that dance on its rip-ples, it chants an end-less
Sway in the zeph-yrs that breathe o'er the gar-dens, in love-li-ness un-

dorn; O-ver the up-lands the sheen of the wheat-fields and verdant waves of
song; O'er shadowed pools lean the flow'rs of the for-est and hid-den treasures
fold, O-dors sur-pass-ing the myrrh of the In-dies their fragrant cen-sers

corn, Earth's as-sur-rance of His care be-hold. . . . . .
throng, Won-ders that re-veal their Mak-er's hand. . . . . .
hold, June her off-'ring scat-ters o'er the land. . . . . .

"Welcome!" Merry Voices Sing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

"Wel - come!" mer - ry voic - es ring - ing, we sa - lute the day;

Sun - shine fills the world with beau - ty, life in ev - ry ray,

Hail - ing sum-mer's radiant dawning raise a joy - ous lay,

Now to our Lord and King our gifts of lov - ing praise we're bring - ing.

No. 2.—Responsive Reading.

LEADER.—My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

RESPONSE.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

L.—Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.

R.—Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

L.—Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said

R.—Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

L.—These things speak I in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.

R.—I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.

L.—Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

R.—Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else.

No. 3.—Prayer.

No. 4. The Children's Army.

AMY HYDE. CHARLES H. MASKELL.

Grazioso.

mp

1. A mighty cho - rus of happy voic - es Sends ringing strains o'er land and sea;
2. The trumpet sounding o'er hill and val - ley We answer in a joy - ous throng;
3. No fear shall hin-der our conquest stead-y Our trust is firm in God a - bove;

rit.

Its glorious mes-sage the heart re-joic- es, Proclaims to all a ju - bi - lee.
Beneath His banner we haste to ral - ly, An ar-my valiant, brave and strong.
And ever watch- ful for danger read - y, Our strength and shield His boundless love.

CHORUS. *Vigorously. Unison.*

Sun-light brightly glanc-ing Ar- mor bright reveals; Co-horts are ad - vanc - ing;

Mar-tial anthems peal. "On-ward" is our war cry, On till the world shall own

Harmony. *rit.*

Christ, who ev - er reigns on high, Ev - er - last- ing King and Lord a - lone.

No. 5.

Hail to Summer Days.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

Rather slowly.

1. What won-der-ful vis-ions a-wait ev-'ry morn When soft tints of em-'rald the
2. The world is an E-den of beau-ty and song, For sunshine and life to the
3 Give thanks for the kindness and boun-ty He sends, The care that for-ev-er up-

for-ests a-dorn And meadows are don-ning their mantles of green; June skies smile a-
sea-son be-long; Our hearts in ac-cord with its spir-it will soar, The might-y Cre-
holds and befriends, These beau-ti-ful days and the blessings they bring; All prais-es to

rit. CHORUS. (*Two part.*)

bove them se-rene.
a-tor a-dore.
Je-sus, our King.

A tempo.

Hail! Hail to summer days! Come, sing in mer-ry lays The

joy the fleet-ing moments bear; In nature's gladness share. Sweet notes from fields beyond

In strains of glee respond; Enraptured minstrels carols raise And swell our song of praise.

No. 6. Praises to the King.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

1. Greet - ing we give to the fair summer days, La - den with
2. Sweet are the words they re - call to our mind, "Fear not, for
3. Song - sters in ecs - ta - sy trill - ing their strain, "Sure - ly He

pleas - ures, a time of de - light; Beau - ti - ful blos - soms be -
He who the lil - - y doth shield, Watch - es a - bove you, a
cares, He will guard to the end," Comes to the hear - er the

side the ways, God sends to all, His tok-ens bright. . . . .
Fa - ther kind," List to the flow-ers of the field. . . . . .
glad re - frain, "He is a true and lov-ing Friend." . . . .

CHORUS. *Not fast.*

Al - le - lu - ias sweet-ly rise, Prais-es to our heav'nly King, Anthems swelling

thro' the skies. Ev - er "glo - ry" sing, Earth and sky o - bey His will,

Harmony.

We His maj-es-ty pro-claim, Ev-'ry soul shall mag-ni-fy His ho - ly name.

No. 7. Festal Chimes Are Pealing.

AMY HYDE. JAY H. DOWNS.

Brightly.

1. Hark! the sound of silver notes Wafted o'er the distant hills; All the air is fill'd with song; Earth with rapture thrills.
2. Glo - ry ev-er-more ascribe, Glory to the Saviour King; Homage true we render now; Fervent love we bring;
3. Still the chimes are ringing on; Echo back their cheery strain, Welcome to the happy time Telling out a-gain,

Let up-lift-ed voices blend With the melo-dy we hear, Join in heartfelt praises, Singing loud and clear.
Earnest, faithful service yield, Strength He gives us day by day, Ev-er near us He a-bides, our help and stay.
Children, come, a joyful band, In the anthem sweetly chord On this day of days to honor Christ, our Lord.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On the winds sweet music steal - ing, Glad - ness un-to all re -

Harmony.

veal - - ing, Fes-tal chimes in merry carols pealing, Hail the children's Day of Joy.

No. 8. "Children, Come!"

ELIZABETH JONES. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

Slowly.

1. 'Mid fields decked with Pal-es-tine flow-ers so fair The children were gathered a
2. A sweet ben-e-dic-tion was free-ly bestowed, Their hearts in the rap-ture it
3. Tho' a-ges have vanished that voice lin-gers still And le-gions of chil-dren His

bless-ing to share; Alarmed by stern fac-es, in doubt waiting near, The Mas-ter be-
gave warmly glowed, Amazed at His gen-tle-ness, awed by His word, A beau-ti-ful
man-date ful-fill; With them at His al-tars we kneel and a-dore, Be-seech-ing His

held them and smiled at their fear.
les-son the mul-ti-tude heard.
bless-ing to-day as of yore.

CHORUS. *Much faster.*

Children, come in love un-told,

Shel-t'ring arms will e'er en-fold; In His pres-ence

rest se-cure; Trust in His wondrous grace, thro' all will His love endure.

No. 9. Radiant Hours are Passing.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

Brightly.

1. Radiant hours are passing, swift and sure their flight, Fill their precious moments with a
2. Heed the call for workers, read-y, strong and true, Answer to the summons, for the
3. Tho' our hands are feeble, strength He will supply, Ev - er near to help us, watching

store of mem'ries bright. Je-sus bids us la - bor in His vine-yard fair, In the work of
Lord hath need of you, Harvest days are com-ing; fer - tile is the land; Rich rewards a -
o'er us from on high, Day will soon be o - ver, night will bring re-pose, Gates of pearl for

CHORUS.

life to do our share.
wait the will-ing hand.
faithful hearts un-close.
} His name ex-alt - ed e'er shall be, ... His praises

BOYS.

All.

ring . . . . from sea to sea, ... In swelling strains . . . . . our gladness
In swell-ing strains

voice, ... And in His wondrous love to-day re - joice.
our gladness voice, to - day re-joice.

No. 10. The Marvel of His Love.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. MRS. R. R. FORMAN.

Slow, easy flowing.

1. The mead-ows spread a-round us like a sea with waves of bloom And
2. He makes each op-'ning flow-er bud a mar-vel of His care, The
3. From cliff and hill-side, for-est clad, the rip-pling brooklets fall And

GIRLS.

ev-'ry breath of balm-y air is la-den with per-fume; White petals drift up-
low-ly blos-soms of the field bedecks with col-ors rare; The beau-ty of the
plac-id lakes of crys-tal hue re-flect the mountains tall; For-ev-er-more on

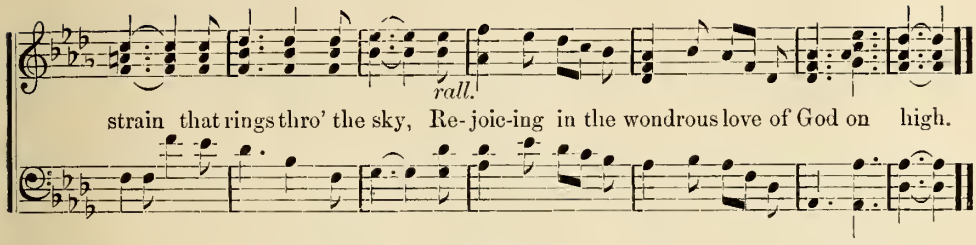
All.

on the breeze from trees in gay at-tire Where song-birds warble notes of love, a
grass-y leas and woodlands ver-nal green World-wide proclaims His tender tho't in
sil-ver strands the restless surg-es break, In sym-phon-ies di-vine attuned, their

CHORUS.

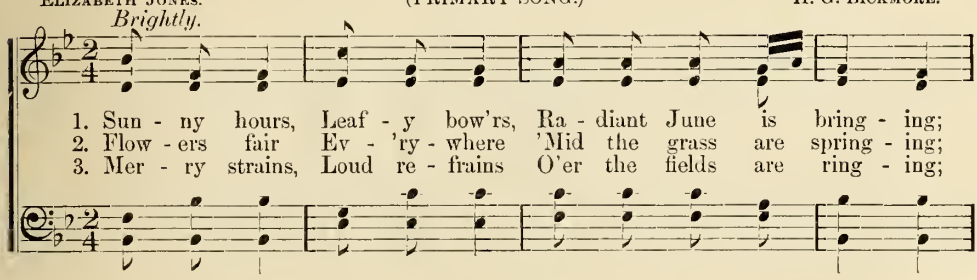
bus-y, merry choir.
ev-'ry glowing scene.
chords of grandeur wake.
} In a hymn of praise resounding far and near Ac-

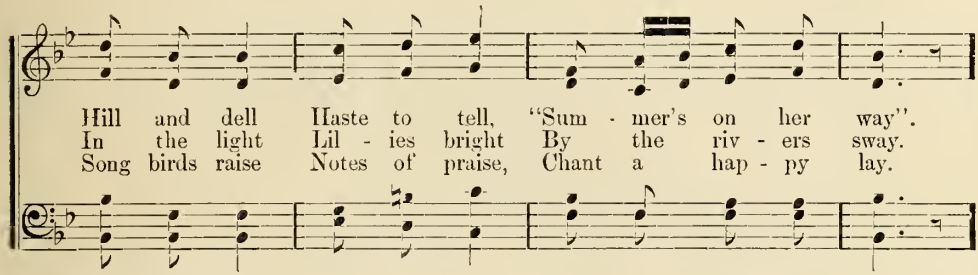
claim the sea-son of delight, the fair-est of the year; U-nite in a

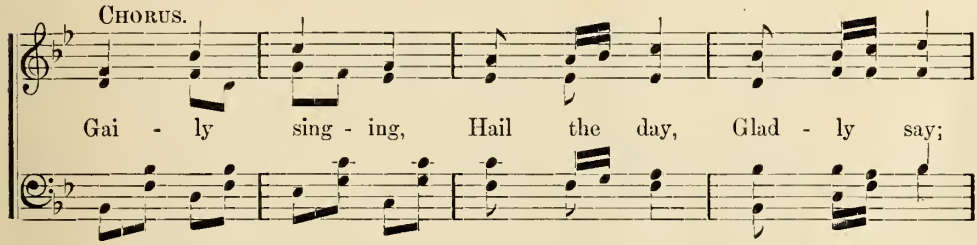


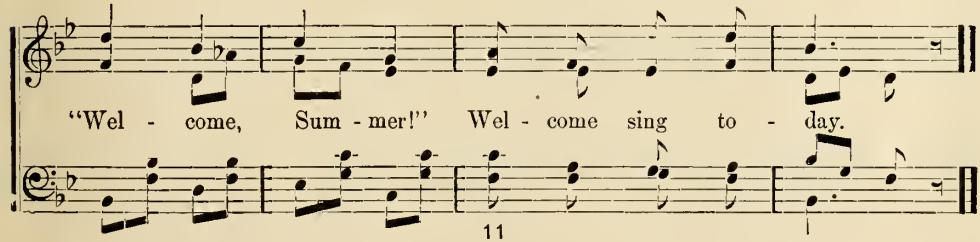
No. 11. Gaily Singing.

ELIZABETH JONES. (PRIMARY SONG.) H. G. BICKMORE.









No. 12. Wonderful Story, Infinite Love.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

DUET (*or Girls.*)

1. A lit - tle eot in Naz - a - reth of old, Onee sheltered Christ, the
2. Tho' poor and hum - ble was the home He shared, True love illumed and
3. The birds and blos - soms knew His ten - der hand; Not e'en a spar - row

child di - vine - ly fair; The Prinee of Peaee, Mes - si - ah, long de - sired,
filled the low - ly place As thro' the years He wait - ed God's own time,
eould un-heed - ed fall; His days in mer - cy's tasks were gladly spent;

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Chose His a - bode 'mid seenes of toil and eare.
And lived o - be - dient, ev - er full of grace.
To save and bless He gave His life for all.

Won - der - ful sto - ry,

in - fi - nite love, Strangest and sweet-est e'er told; Heaven's bright

rit.

glo - ry sent from a - bove In Je - sus, our Sav - iour, be - hold.

be - hold.

No. 13. Roses Dreaming.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CHARLES H. MASKELL.

Moderato.

1. Day-light is past; Eve comes at last, Stars shine like jewels o'er us.
2. Breez-es of June Mel - o - dies croon, Mur - mur a hap - py greet - ing,
3. Beau - ti - ful days, Car - ols of praise Ev - er on high are ring - ing,

Safe in their nest Song-birds at rest, Hush'd is the mer - ry cho - rus.
Thro' the long hours Breathe o'er the flow'rs Lul - la - bies soft re - peat - ing.
Glad - ly we hear, "Sum-mer is near Won - der - ful mo - ments bring - ing."

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Ros - es dream - ing Un - der the moonlight ten - der, Faint - ly gleam - ing,

Shine in their mys - tic splen - dor; Blos - soms rar - est La - den with

dew are sway - ing; "Slum - ber, fair - est," Winds of the west are say - ing.

No. 14. Carol Sweet Measures.

ANNIE L. PINFOLD. CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

Unison. Tempo di Marcia.

1. In strains of loud re - joic - ing Your an-thems raise a - gain, Till
2. A - gain our mer - ry mu - sic Rings out up - on the air While
3. For all the boun - ty giv'n us, With grate - ful hearts to - day, We

rall.

o'er the hills and val-leys Is borne a grand re-frain; "The Lord for - ev - er praise;
all our friends and lov'd ones, Our hap-py greetings share; "May blessing and good cheer,
chant a hymn of triumph, Ex - ult - ant voic - es say; "Sing praise for matchless love

CHORUS.

His mer-cies crown our days."
Be with you thro' the year."
To Him who reigns a - bove."
} Car - ol, car - ol, Wondrous the treas - ures,

Harmony. *Unison.*

Rar - est of pleas-ures, Summer's glad days bring; Car - ol, car - ol,

Harmony.

Sing - ing sweet meas - ures, Praise to God, our might - y King.

EXERCISES AND RECITATIONS.

We realize that few schools use a service in its entirety, we therefore present the material, leaving the arrangement of the program to the judgment of the committee in charge.

Exercise.

OUR GIFT.

An exercise for four small girls. To be dressed in white. Have a fancy tabourette, with jardinere, on platform, at center-front. Children form in line, two on each side, of tabourette. Each one carries a bouquet of flowers. Girls wear hair-ribbons to match flowers, they carry. Hold flowers up, while reciting, they step back, place them in jardinere, and resume position.

First girl—roses:

These fragrant roses, wet with dew,
I gathered in the early morn;
And brought them as my humble gift,
God's holy temple to adorn.

Second girl—daisies:

In fields so green, where soft winds blow,
And where the birds sing all day long,
I picked these daisies, straight and tall,
With faces turned toward the sun.

Third girl—carnations:

Pretty white carnations,
Wet with morning's dew;
Fragrant flower, beloved by all,
My humble gift I bring to you.

Fourth girl—pansies:

These velvet-hearted pansies,
Dainty, fair and sweet,
I gathered where the quiet shadows
Lie so cool and deep.

Together with motions:

We are but little children,
(*Right hands to breast*)
And can't do much, we're sure;
(*Shake heads*)
But we can take the blossoms
And give them to the poor.
(*Turn, point to flowers*)
And speak a word of kindness,
(*Right hand to lips*)
In our dear Saviour's name;
(*Raise right hands, look up*)
And give our hearts and lives to Him
(*Right hands on hearts*)
Who loves each one the same.
(*Both hands out, palms down*)

Lida Shivers Leech.

Recitation.

SMILE.

Smile!
No matter how you feel to-day;
Though clouds hang low and skies are gray,
Success in life seems far away;
Smile, I tell you, smile.

Smile!
Although you're blue as indigo;
Your plans are bound to fail, you know,
Your clothes are worn and funds are low,
Smile, I tell you, smile.

Smile!
Soon face and spirit will agree,
A pleasure to the friends you see;
Your work will better, lighter be;
Smile, I tell you, smile.

Smile!
A merry heart can conquer fate,
While courage lasts 'tis ne'er too late
To win the prizes that await;
Smile, I tell you, smile.

Annie L. Pinfold.

Recitation.

I SENT A SMILE.

I sent a little smile one day,
A sunbeam bright along life's way.
A little prayer went with it too,
That it somehow some good might do.

It mingled with the busy throng,
And filled a heart with heaven's song
The one who cherished it awhile
Just passed it on, the happy smile.

In haunts of misery and sin
It left the light of love within;
Like bread upon the waters cast
This little smile sped home at last.

And O the joy I found in store,
For richest blessings now it bore,
And sent a gleam of light for me
Up to the great Eternity.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Recitation or Exercise.

ONLY A LITTLE BROOKLET.

May be spoken by one or four little girls.

Only a little brooklet
With a melody soft and sweet
Yet a friend to the birds and blossoms
Whenever they chanced to meet.

Only a little daisy
By a wayside dusty and hot,
But it lifted its head in beauty
And brightened a desolate spot.

Only a little sparrow
With a brave little song of cheer,
Bringing back to a mind that was burdened
The thought of a Help ever near.

Only a little maiden
With a smile and a loving word
That may live in the heart of the listener
And in memory often be heard.

Amy Hyde.

Recitation.

THE CHILD.

A child from a far distant city
Stood amazed in the fields by my side,
Little hands hovering over the daisies,
Then, remembering, dropped at his side.

"Are you 'lowed to touch these dear flowers?
If I picked a tiny bouquet,
Jest a clover an' daisy an' grasses
Would a p'lice-man chase me away?"

Tears, that sprang to my eyes unbidden,
Veiled the rapturous, earnest face
That breathlessly hung o'er the flowers,
Hardly daring to near their place;

For the commonest weeds of the pasture
Were as treasures untold to the boy,
And the blooms that I'd scorned to gather.
To his starved little heart were a joy.

And I prize them myself, since that morning;
For my eyes to their beauty unsealed
View the hand of a mighty Creator
In the tiniest blossom revealed.

Annie L. Pinfold.

NOTE.—If additional Exercises and Recitations are desired, send for Children's Day Treasury No. 21, which contains a rich supply of material to assist in the preparation of the Children's Day program. Price 15 cents postpaid. Cash with order. Stamps accepted.

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